

V E R S E S

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N W I L K E S.

[Price One Shilling.]



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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N W I L K E S,
L O R D M A Y O R.

Bv W. SHARP, JUNIOR.
K

*Ego utrum
Nave ferar magna an parva; ferar unus et idem.*

HOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by Charles Dilly, in the Poultry.



T O T H E
WORTHY LIVERY OF LONDON.

G E N T L E M E N,

I Have the Honour of presenting to you a few Verses :

They are but a poor tribute to the merits of your illustrious LORD MAYOR. Though a simple field flower from the Country, I hope it will not be looked on with contempt. Happy have I often been, in expressing my regard to your Chief Magistrate, and my equal contempt of those Tyrants, and their Abettors, who, for pay, or from native principles of Despotism, have torn from us the whole Constitution of our once free Country.

LET

LET me add, the Lines are your's by every tie of congenial Sentiment ; and that in an Age so infamously corrupt as the present, if I feel any pleasure in the thoughts and expectations of Public Affairs, next to the firmness and fortitude of AMERICA, I am indebted for it to the spirited exertions of the LIVERY OF LONDON, and their inestimable colleagues, the FREEHOLDERS of MIDDLESEX.

I am, GENTLEMEN, with the highest regard,

Your obedient servant,

Isle of Wight,

May 20, 1775.

W. SHARP, JUNIOR.

V E R S E S.

SUPERIOR to that study hard
Which issues forth its flattering card,
Or from the begging or the bought,
Where *neatness* takes the place of *thought* ;
Whether the annual day return'd,
On which my glorious fathers burn'd
At *Revolution's* shrine to pay
The tribute of their festive lay ;

I bade

I bade the generous band convene,
 And shone the Hero of the scene ;
 Or, whether by occasion thrown
 'Midst those but half or wholly known,
 Who wait each honest word to hear,
 To carry to their master's ear ;
 'Twas never mine, one hour to steal,
 One art, one meaning, to conceal :
 Then let me, WILKES, be heard by thee ;
 As Freedom's *patron*, trust the *free* !

LET *Cowardice*, with those she calls
 Within her dark sequester'd walls—
 Her walls so thick, so firmly clos'd,
 That none can hear, howe'er dispos'd—

Let

Let *Cowardice* her maxims tell,
 That none should write what Kings can spell;
 That 'tis far better to decline
 Each forward step, each bold design,
 And to *Corruption's* standard yield,
 Than dare the dangers of the field;
 That what we gain may in event
 Be virtue foil'd, and pains mispent;
 And, closing all her worst of crimes!
 Words should be sweeten'd to the times:

LET *Envy* bring her legions forth,
 Prompt to decry superior worth;
 Let her to all around proclaim
 The noblest an ignoble name:

C

That

That all men have their price, and all
 In the same pit with knaves would fall,
 If all were tempted :—That no man
 E'er acted yet on Virtue's plan ;
 But private ends were still in view,
 And the most bold the most untrue :

LET black *Desertion* take her round,
 Monster of Hell above the ground !
 And boasting that no spots belong
 Or to her heart or to her tongue,
 With more than hell-born malice spread
 For History, her lies just made :
 Let *Folly* bow beneath her smile,
 Her *Impudence* command the vile ;

And

And, tho' confronted o'er and o'er,
 Appear unblushing as before :

LET *Power*, a name with Virtue join'd,
 The just protectress of mankind,
 And hail'd as such in reigns *late known*,
 Hurl ev'ry curse and thunder down
 On those, who, true to Freedom's call,
 Call Power the united right of all :
 Let *Power* thus warp'd her terrors shew,
 To all thy friends a certain foe ;
 Let her, inflam'd with rancour, boast
 Now WILKES is dead, now WILKES is lost ;
 Tho' now the richest wreaths he wears,
 Oblivion waits his future years :

LET

LET these, and ev'ry breast which pay
 Would *lead* a country to betray ;
 Which Envy, with seducing art,
 Would teach to take a villain's part ;
 Or where just homage bends the knee,
 Would bid us *seeing* not to see :
 Which black *Desertion* would ensure,
 And make of Purity impure ;
 Let all to *Power*, the POWERS that are,
 Yield to the terror or the snare ;
 Yet, WILKES, I boast my free-born soul
 No arts shall shake, no pow'rs controul :

FIRM as that hour to thee, which bore
 My vows, when exil'd from this shore,

Thou

Thou bad'st the sons of FRANCE admire
 Thy purer wit, thy patriot fire ;
 Firm as that hour when first I hail'd
 Thy steps return'd, and LAW prevail'd ;
 Or when with extacy I found
 My virtuous Countrymen around
 Hail thee or Senator or Lord,
 As *Glory* sign'd each right record :
 Or Senator or Lord, I feel
 The same or a more ardent zeal ;
 Nor *JOHNSON, with his pompous lies,
 Shall o'er my reason *tyrannise*.

* Tygris agit rabida cum tygride pacem
 Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit urfis.

BUT what of all these tattling rhymes,
 To prove myself untouch'd by crimes—
 By crimes which, in *Reflection's* hour,
 Torture the proudest slaves of *power* ;
 When *ev'n* the noblest talents join'd
 To form the most exalted mind,
 And by the willing Muses taught
 To give new dignity to thought,
 Would faint beneath their fondest care
 To draw the PATRIOT as you are ;
 When *ev'n* the conduct of a day
 Ages of praise will ne'er repay.

F I N I S.

